

THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



1609 - 1912

THE GATE of THE COUNTRY



LAKE CHAMPLAIN · LAKE GEORGE
THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS



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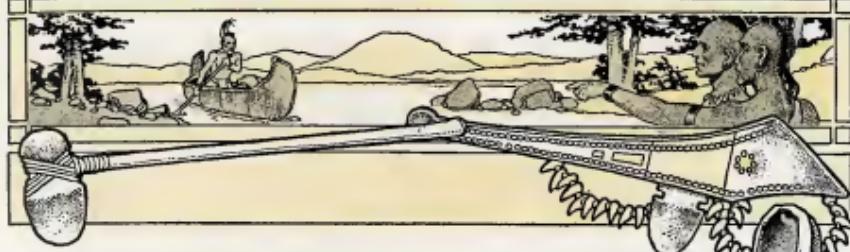
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THE DELAWARE & HUDSON CO., ALBANY, N. Y.

THE GATE *OF* THE COUNTRY



Group for Champlain Memorial,
Crown Point, N. Y.

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"Black with surrounding forests then it stood,
That hung above and darkened all the flood."

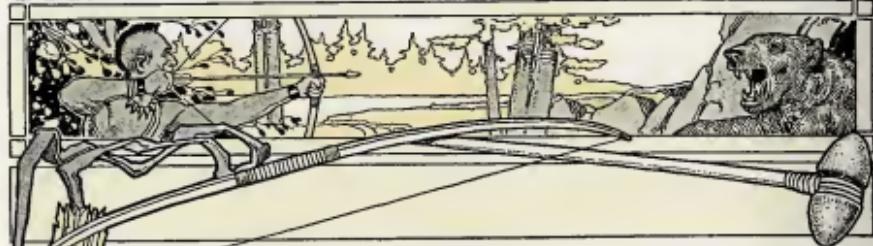
BEFORE ever a French explorer set his frail craft across the Western Ocean, Lake Champlain was the highway for warring Indian bands, and Lake George was its logical continuation. Together they gave the savage Iroquois a water route of wonderful facility to the very lodges of their Algonquin enemies on the north. It was for this, because it took them somewhere, that Champlain was their Can-i-a-de-ri Gua-run-te, "Lake that is the Gate of the Country," a meaning quite different from its present connotation of vacation land, as is Lake George from An-di-a-ta-roc-te, "There where the Lake is Shut In." Indeed, the old Indian words are all but forgotten, along with the original Iroquois designation for the region of forest, lake and mountain reaching northward and westward from Lakes George and Champlain. There is the counterpart of the Black Forest, Europe's woods of history and ancient



Hotel Champlain Commands the Scenes of Two Memorable Battles



THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



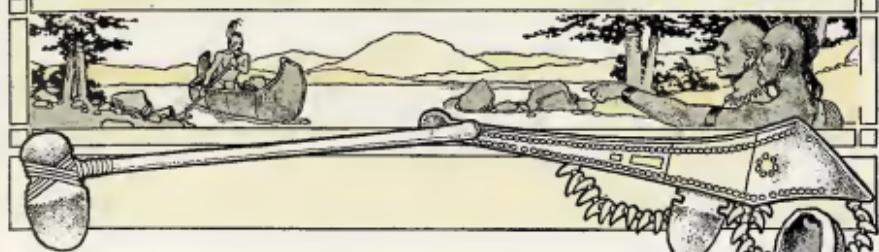
tradition, so dark and impenetrable that their very fastness has preserved them to be the recreation ground of to-day. Of all that old romance the name of the Black Forest is fittingly suggestive, but though our American mountains have as well withstood the onslaught of civilization, their Indian name of similar import is lost. The Couch-sa-ra-ge of the Iroquois, their "Dismal Wilderness," persists only in the dusty lexicons of a moribund language, while the derisive word for their former Algonquin foemen, Adirondacks, "The Tree Eaters," remains as a monument to the relentless struggle.

The lake that was once the gate to a country of almost perpetual warfare, that was even itself the scene of wave upon wave of mortal conflict, and that was scarcely more habitable under the cloud of French, English and American strife than under that of Algonquin and Iroquois enmity, no longer makes a highway for armies and navies. It has become its own all-sufficient objective in the hot summer months for a much larger army of pleasure-seekers, and the gate to a wonderful country of mountains, streams and smaller lakes. Entering,



Up Hill and Down Dale

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as of old, by way of Lake George, or going direct to Lake Champlain by train, one has at his command the whole, long, lakeside country, which Ambassador Bryce has called "The Fairest Pleasure Ground of Eastern America," and in equally strategic position behind, the wide range of the Adirondacks.

But there is another gateway to the American Black Forest, emphasizing again its striking similarity to that of Europe. The Hudson has long been known as the American Rhine, and the journey by boat and train from its mouth to well up toward its source in the mountains, and thence to some woodland retreat by any of the many ramifying stage lines from the stations of the Adirondack Branch, will yield in charm and association not even to the Rhine and the Black Forest. The railroad parallels the river to North Creek, passing the stations for Friend's Lake, Brant Lake and the beautiful Schroon valley, but auto-stages and the picturesque old-timers run beyond to Indian Lake, Tahawus, Harris Lake, Newcomb and all the wild and rugged mountain section of the upper Hudson.



Sail Ho!



THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



It is well to keep alive such a significant and well-placed name as historic Can-i-a-de-ri Gua-run-te, and as Champlain dominated all the water route of the Iroquois, including Lake George and the Upper Hudson, it is a happy mutation of times of peace which makes The Gate of the Country the password to-day to all the international vacation land to which it stands nearest, rather than to scenes of bloodshed beyond. In fact, there is scarcely a point or a bay from the remains of old Fort William Henry, where the modern hotel now stands, to the "fair islands" which Champlain first saw, or a stream or lake or peak in all the mountains behind,

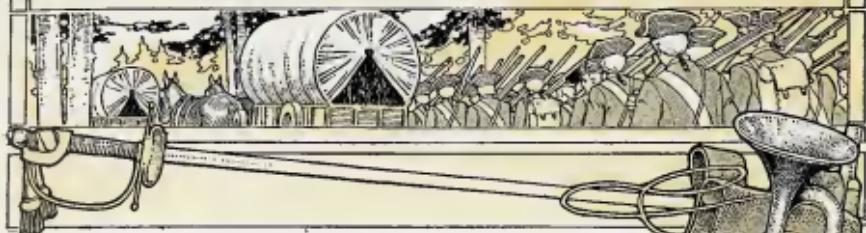
"Midst dripping crags where, foaming soon,
Through soaking mosses steals the Schroon,
From hoarse Ausable's caverned wave
To Saranac's most northern rills,"

that is not rich in romantic circumstance and has not its story of desperate deeds, could it but speak, to stir the pulse of the army of occupation which now takes peaceable possession



An-di-a-ta-roc-te

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for three months in every year. But though much of it is lost in the darkness of unrecorded history, we can still treasure the memory of important events and such minor incidents as tradition has handed down.

The long war trail from the Hudson at Albany, north through Saratoga, that "dark and bloody ground" of the Indians, and on through Lakes George and Champlain to the Canadian border, is richest in written history. But for unknown generations beyond the earliest authentic record it was the scene of the most savage Indian warfare.

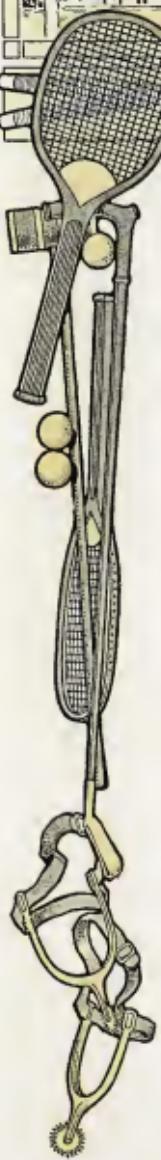
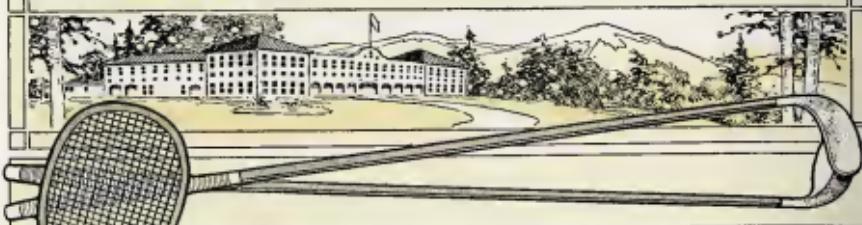
"Saratoga," says a historian, "lay in the angle between two great pathways, one from the north, the other from the west. And lying as it did in the angle of the war trails, it became the battleground of nations. Whoever possessed it was master of the situation and held the door of the country." But Saratoga has much more to commend it than mere position. It lay in the larger territory called, by the Indians, *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra*, "The Lake Country," whose forests were full of game and whose streams swarmed with fish.



There Where the Lake Is Shut In



THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



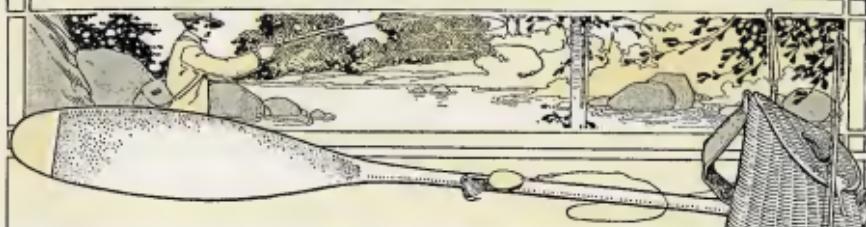
IRST of white men, Champlain came south from the St. Lawrence in 1609, with his ready diary, to see the "great lake, its fair islands and fine countries," to fight the Iroquois, and to leave an imperishable monument to his adventurous career. After him three great waves of conflict surged over the lakes, from Saratoga and the Hudson River on the south to the St. Lawrence on the north. They followed two routes, which diverged at the site of the present village of Fort Edward, on the banks of the Hudson. One was a carry of fourteen miles, through Glens Falls, to the head of Lake George, thence down the mountain-bordered highway of the lake to the outlet, around the carry at that place, and north up the broadening reaches of Champlain to the Richelieu River and the St. Lawrence. The other was the portage over The Great Carrying Place, from Fort Edward through Fort Ann and Whitehall to the mouth of Wood Creek, on Lake Champlain.

From the first, French and English struggled for the virgin territory. Then came the war of the Revolution, when



"Send Your Road Is Clear before You

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patriot fought against tory, and, after a peace of about thirty years, the naval battles of the War of 1812. Only the more important moves and checks, where they add a flavor of romance to our vacation land, can be recounted here. In the lesser forays and skirmishes and the personal adventures of the pioneers there is no less of absorbing interest, but to cover them adequately would require more than a large volume. They are worth reading about in fuller detail during the long winter months of the closed season, when holidays in the country where they occurred are a memory and an expectation.

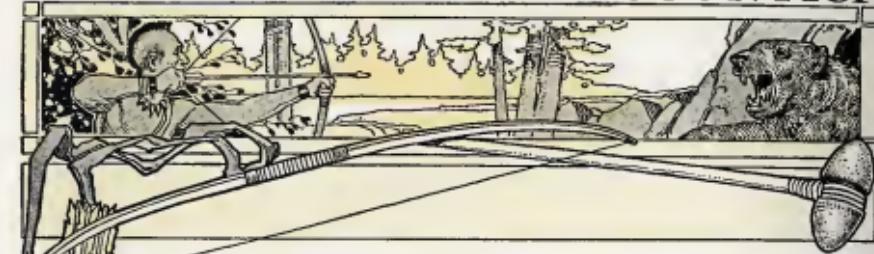
Of quite different temper from Champlain, who was quick to affix his own name to the fairest lake which he had seen, was Father Jogues, a Jesuit missionary of singularly gentle and refined disposition, the first white man to behold the lovely, mountain-hemmed An-di-a-ta-roc-te. He had been captured by a marauding band of Iroquois on the St. Lawrence, and in August, 1642, was carried, bleeding and suffering from tortures, over Lake George to the villages on the Mohawk, where he was compelled to run the gauntlet again



"When the Old Spring-Fret Comes o'er You"



THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



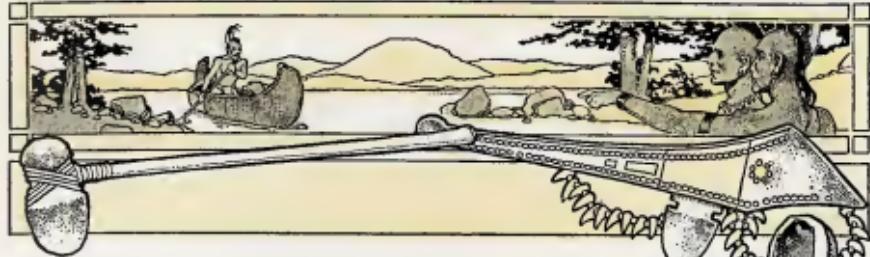
and again. Undaunted by the gauntlet, which he had the humor to call "a narrow road to Paradise," he later, after rescue by the Dutch, set out in 1646 to found a mission among the Mohawks, and reaching Lake George on the eve of Corpus Christi, named it Lac St. Sacrement. His narrow road to Paradise proved short as well, for, persisting in his attempt to found The Mission of the Martyrs, some Mohawks invited him to a feast and tomahawked him as he entered the door. But Lac St. Sacrement was known as he christened it for more than a century.

The French took the first steps for the retention of the country which they claimed by right of discovery. In 1641 de Montagny, who succeeded Champlain as Governor of New France, built Fort Richelieu at the mouth of the River Richelieu. This was later abandoned, until, in 1664, Marquis de Tracy, the new Viceroy, dispatched Captains de Sorel, de Chambly and de Salieres, who rebuilt old Fort Richelieu, incidentally leaving conflicting names, Sorel and Chambly, for the river, erected another fort at the rapids, whence the



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The Links of Hotel Champlain Are Exceedingly Varied

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name of the present village of Chambly, and another, Fort St. Theresa, nine miles above. The next year Captain de La Mothe was sent to construct a fort on an island in the lake, "from which continual attacks could be made on the enemy," the Iroquois. It was called Fort St. Anne, but Isle La Motte, after the doughty Captain, has provided a more enduring fame.

It was from this line of forts, on January 30, 1666, that the first armed French expedition set out southward over the frozen lake. It went to punish the Iroquois for their depredations, but lost its way and was led into an ambush of Mohawks near Schenectady, where many were killed and wounded and the scalps of the slain exhibited in the streets of the settlement. Had it not been for the intercession of Arendt Van Corlear, they would doubtless all have been massacred.

On October 1st of the same year de Courcelles, who had commanded the first expedition, set out again to devastate the Mohawk towns. He penetrated to the most remote village,



There is Court Golf, Clock Golf and an Eighteen-Hole Course



THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



Under the Shelter of the Long Sentinel Range

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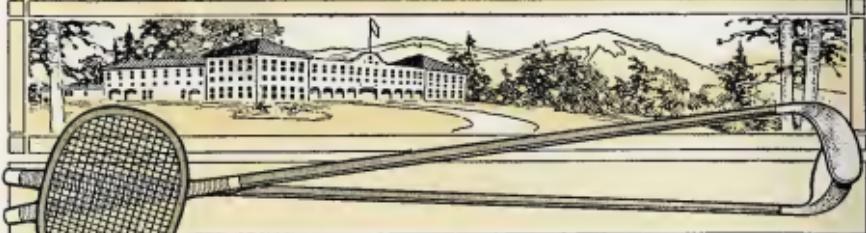
burned them all, and on the way back invited Van Corlear to visit Quebec. On Lake Champlain a storm was encountered, two canoes were overturned near Split Rock, and Van Corlear was drowned, in remembrance of which the lake was for a long time thereafter known in New York Province as Corlear's Lake. The Indians believed the accident to be due to a failure to throw gifts to an old Indian chief who had been drowned there and had subsequently taken up his abode in the lake under Split Rock, who had power over the winds, and to whom they said that Van Corlear made insulting gestures.

This same Split Rock, between Westport and Essex, on the west side of the lake, is an old and important landmark. It was called by the Indians Rock Regio, from the chief who so distinguished it. Before the French and English it was the ancient boundary between Mohawks and Algonquins, and later was defined by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, as the northern limit of English possessions. In 1760 it became the boundary between New York and Canada, but in 1775 the Americans pushed beyond it and ultimately established the international line seventy-seven miles to the north. But Split Rock remains a natural phenomenon and object of enduring interest to the thousands of summer tourists who pass it each year on the steamers of the Champlain Transportation Co.

The raid of de Courcelles effectively subdued the Iroquois, and gave the French settlements several years of comparative peace. In 1689 King William's war broke out between the English and the French, and, the year following, a party of some two hundred Frenchmen and a hundred Indians went forth in January over the icebound highway of the lake to attack Fort Orange. They changed their plans, however, and in the bitterly cold night of February 8, 1690, stole stealthily into the sleeping and unsuspecting town of Schenectady. The carnage lasted for two hours, and, when it ended, sixty of the inhabitants, men, women and children, were dead upon the snow or being consumed in the burning houses. The party then started on the return to Canada with twenty-seven prisoners. There were other sallies up and down the lake,



THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



but of lesser interest from our viewpoint, more than two hundred years later, until peace was declared in 1697.

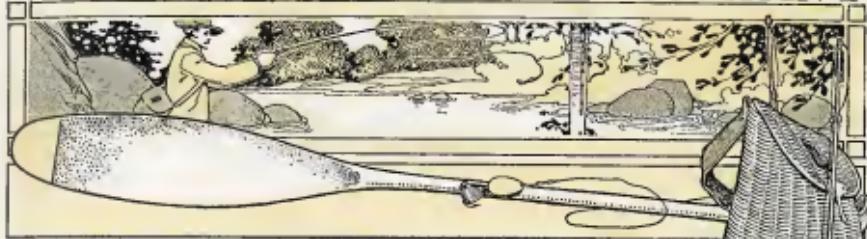
As usual there was short respite. Queen Anne's War began in 1702, and with it a more earnest struggle for the possession of the lakes. Three forts were built by the English in 1709, one on Wood Creek, called Fort Ann, near the present village of that name, another at the beginning of the carry between the Hudson and Wood Creek, where now is the village of Fort Edward, and a third, Fort Saratoga, near Schuylerville. The first two were, however, abandoned and destroyed. Nothing of more importance was accomplished before the treaty in 1713 put an end to further demonstrations.

In the interval of peace, after 1713, Fort St. Frederic was built at Crown Point. A considerable settlement arose about St. Frederic, and a large sailing vessel made regular trips to Canada. This was the first navigation of the sort on Lake Champlain and even at that time tourists visited here. Indeed, it was quite the thing for Frenchmen in search of adventure, or with the wanderlust, to make trips to America.



Indian Lake is the Focus of Much Old Tradition

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Here they found a fresh country, with strange and beautiful scenes, and all the excitement they could wish. Then having seen, they fell under the spell of Champlain's "many pretty islands, low, and containing very fine woods and meadows," and of his "many rivers falling into the lake, bordered by many fine trees of the same kinds as those we have in France, with many vines finer than any I have seen in any other place." "There is also a great abundance of fish," said our close observer, "of many varieties," and the Frenchman has always been an enthusiastic fisherman. They settled in the most attractive spots, where safety permitted, the soldiers even building summer cottages outside the forts and planting gardens. The chronicles of these colonizations are full of interest.

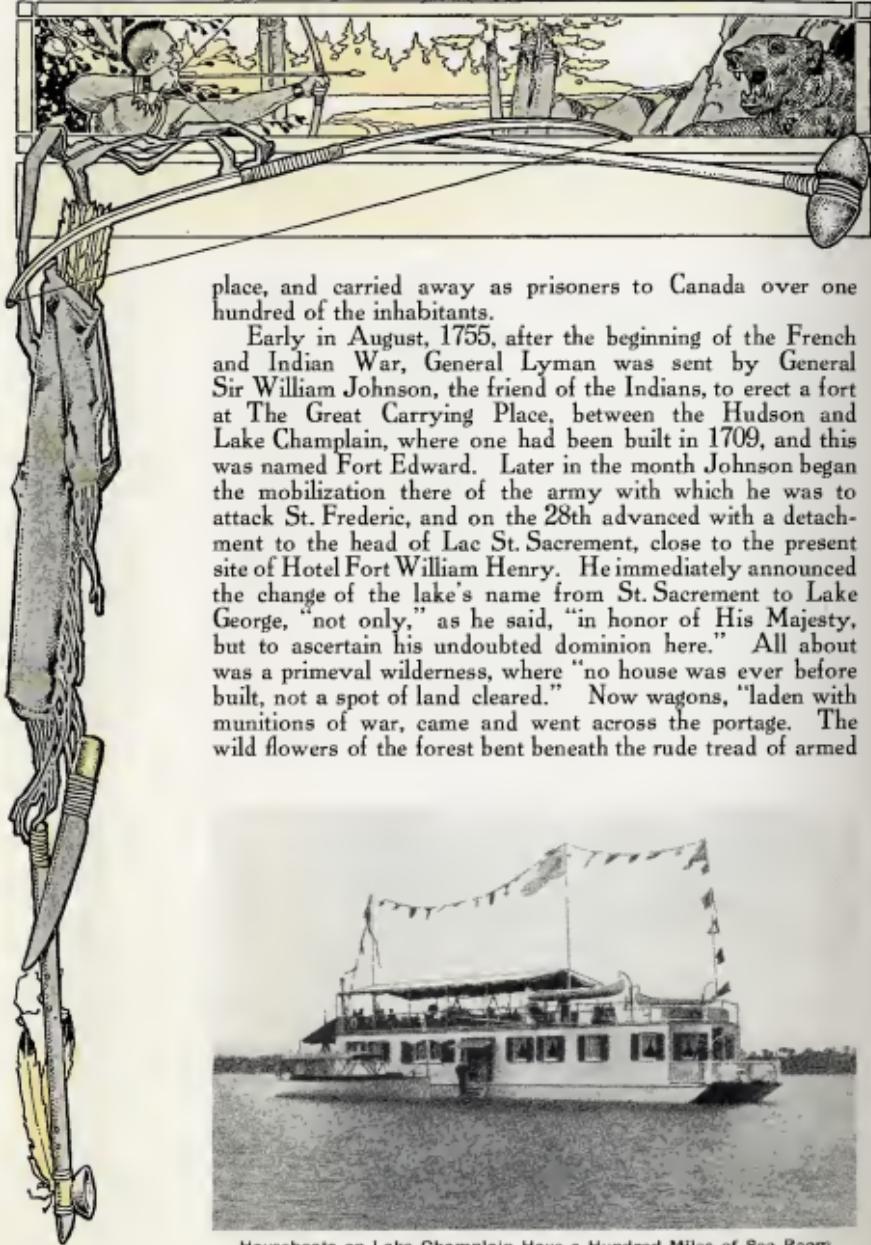
King George's War, which began in 1744, witnessed the massacre of Saratoga. A horde of French and Indians under Marin swept south from St. Frederic in the autumn of 1745, surprised old Fort Saratoga, murdered Philip Schuyler, plundered and burnt the village which had grown up about the



And the Scene of Many a Modern Story



THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



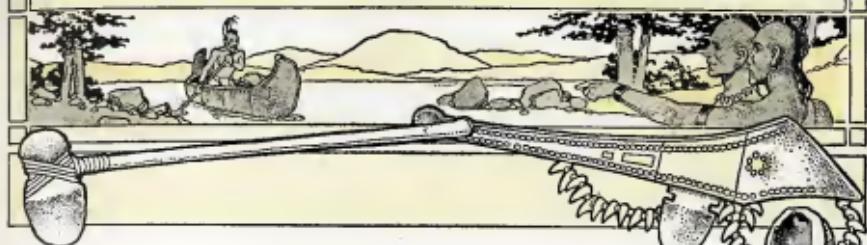
place, and carried away as prisoners to Canada over one hundred of the inhabitants.

Early in August, 1755, after the beginning of the French and Indian War, General Lyman was sent by General Sir William Johnson, the friend of the Indians, to erect a fort at The Great Carrying Place, between the Hudson and Lake Champlain, where one had been built in 1709, and this was named Fort Edward. Later in the month Johnson began the mobilization there of the army with which he was to attack St. Frederic, and on the 28th advanced with a detachment to the head of Lac St. Sacrement, close to the present site of Hotel Fort William Henry. He immediately announced the change of the lake's name from St. Sacrement to Lake George, "not only," as he said, "in honor of His Majesty, but to ascertain his undoubted dominion here." All about was a primeval wilderness, where "no house was ever before built, not a spot of land cleared." Now wagons, "laden with munitions of war, came and went across the portage. The wild flowers of the forest bent beneath the rude tread of armed



Houseboats on Lake Champlain Have a Hundred Miles of Sea Room

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men. The noise of a hundred hammers echoed through the mountain fastnesses; and keel after keel cut the crystal waters of the lake. By day the French Mountain frowned defiantly at those by whom its repose had first been broken; and at night, the panther, from the neighboring thicket, looked forth upon the stalwart forms reclining by the watch fires."

Johnson's camp was on the level spot south of the railroad station, where now stands a statue of himself and his faithful ally, Chief Hendrick. Learning that Baron de Dieskau had left St. Frederic with a large force, had proceeded to South Bay, the very southern extremity of Lake Champlain, and was even then marching on Fort Edward, he sent Col. Ephriam Williams with reinforcements to the fort. But Dieskau ambushed him en route, and Williams and Chief Hendrick fell at the first fire. In Williams' will was a provision for founding a school at Williamstown, which later was incorporated as Williams College. The entire detachment was routed, but Johnson later put Dieskau's forces to flight. This affray has since been known as "The Bloody Morning



The Arrivals of the Steamers Are Colony Events.



THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



Scout," and the pond, into which many of those who fell later in the day were thrown, as "Bloody Pond."

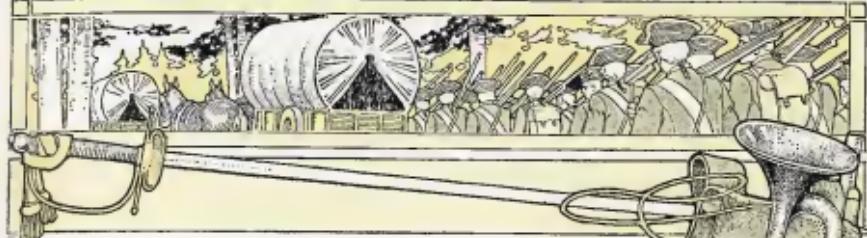
Instead of advancing immediately upon Crown Point, Johnson spent the remainder of the summer in building Fort William Henry, upon an elevation just north of his temporary camp. It stood upon the grounds of the present hotel, and commanded a magnificent view of the lake and mountains to the eastward. Within it was a well, which still remains, though it has long since gone dry. About the well the lines of the old fortification can still be traced throughout the pine grove which has grown up to cover the spot.

In 1756 Fort William Henry was completed, and the French built Fort Carillon, later called Ticonderoga. The year 1757 witnessed the siege of Fort William Henry, its reduction by Montcalm, and the horrible massacre of the garrison by the Indians. It is a story of gruesome detail, with hardly a retrieving incident, from the cowardly conduct of Webb, the English commander, who abandoned the garrison to its fate, to the negligence of the French in leaving the pris-



"Bloody Pond" Gives Not a Hint To-day of that Fatal Morning Scout

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oners with insufficient guard. It was hardly bettered the year following, when General Abercrombie launched from the beach before the ruined fort nine hundred bateaux and one hundred and thirty-five whale boats, containing six thousand regulars and nine thousand provincials, the pride and pomp of the colonies, and hurled them again and again, without reason and stubbornly, straight against the ramparts of old Carillon. They crumbled like waves against the cliffs, and drew back at last, defeated, to Fort William Henry.

A year later, after building Fort George, near Fort William Henry, General Amherst marched against Ticonderoga, and on June 26, 1759, it was abandoned in the face of his well-planned advance. A few days thereafter Rogers and his rangers marched unopposed into St. Frederic. On October 13th, having built a few small vessels, Captain Loring engaged a French schooner and three sloops, near Valcour Island, and sunk the sloops and forced the schooner aground, thus winning the first naval battle on the inland sea. The power of France on Lake Champlain was ended forever.

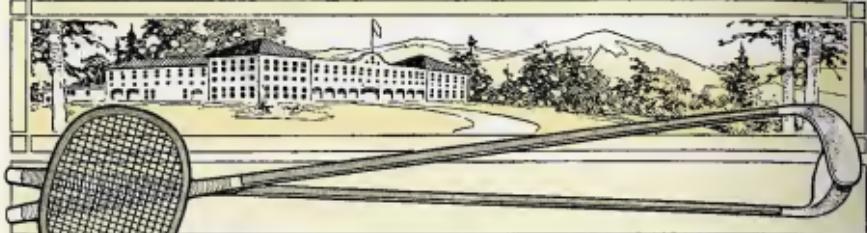


"But Old Ti Is Full of Haunting Memories of War's Alarums"

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THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



FTER the declaration of peace, English settlers flocked into the country, often locating on the very spots where their French predecessors had lived. One of these places, opposite Fort St. Frederic, was marked by a number of blackened chimneys, all that was left of a once populous French village, and has ever since been known as Chimney Point.

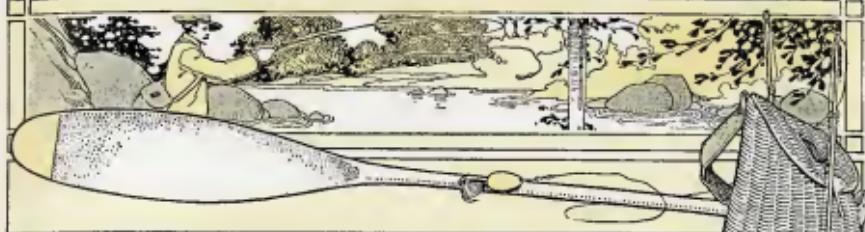
The next bolt fell upon Ticonderoga out of the green hills of Vermont. By someone well without the pale of good national tradition it has been averred that, when asked by the commander of the fort for his authority, the indomitable Allen replied, in quite unhistoric language, "In the name of the Continental Congress, and by ——, I'll have it." This is "important if true," and gives us a much more personal and human interest in one of the many paragons of our early history. A mere paraphrase to the well-known form was easily permissible in Allen's subsequent narrative.

Although Champlain remained the gate through which, back and forth, surged the tide of conflict during the Revolution,



The Sunlit Valley of the Winding Schroon

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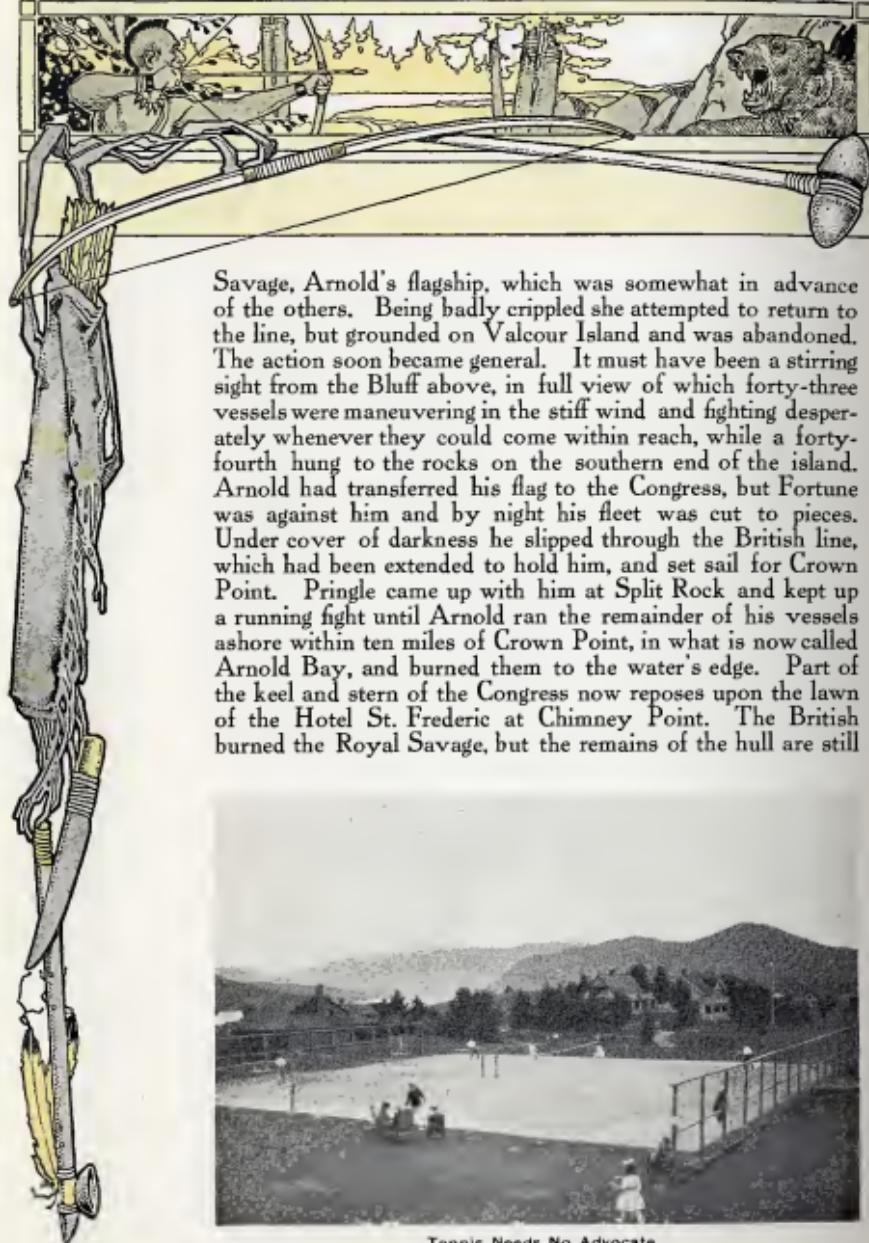
with the conquest of Canada as the objective of the Americans, and the invasion of the Provinces the purpose of the British, the event now of most absorbing interest to visitors was the naval battle between Benedict Arnold, commanding the American fleet, and Captain Pringle of the British. Its scene is laid all the way from north of Plattsburg to within ten miles of Crown Point, but from the porch of Hotel Champlain all the theatre of the main action is spread out. Here it requires little imagination to see Arnold retire from his advanced position north of Cumberland Head and anchor his fleet across the narrow channel between Valcour Island and the main land just south of the Hotel. He had fifteen vessels in all, one sloop, two schooners, four galleys and eight gondolas. Suddenly, off Cumberland Head, the British Squadron appeared, standing south for Crown Point. It consisted of one ship, two schooners, one radeau, one gondola, twenty gunboats and four longboats, twenty-nine in all. Discovering the American fleet behind Valcour, they wore around the southern end of the island in the face of a heavy wind, and engaged first the Royal



And the Irresistible Magnet of its Lake



THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY

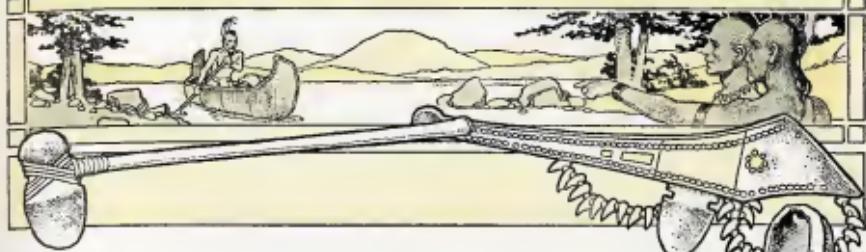


Savage, Arnold's flagship, which was somewhat in advance of the others. Being badly crippled she attempted to return to the line, but grounded on Valcour Island and was abandoned. The action soon became general. It must have been a stirring sight from the Bluff above, in full view of which forty-three vessels were maneuvering in the stiff wind and fighting desperately whenever they could come within reach, while a forty-fourth hung to the rocks on the southern end of the island. Arnold had transferred his flag to the Congress, but Fortune was against him and by night his fleet was cut to pieces. Under cover of darkness he slipped through the British line, which had been extended to hold him, and set sail for Crown Point. Pringle came up with him at Split Rock and kept up a running fight until Arnold ran the remainder of his vessels ashore within ten miles of Crown Point, in what is now called Arnold Bay, and burned them to the water's edge. Part of the keel and stern of the Congress now reposes upon the lawn of the Hotel St. Frederic at Chimney Point. The British burned the Royal Savage, but the remains of the hull are still



Tennis Needs No Advocate

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visible a short distance from the island and portions of her timbers have even recently been obtained.

Subsequently Burgoyne's army passed down the lake, took Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and successively passed Forts Ann and Edward. It was here, on July 27, 1777, just before Fort Edward was reached, that Jane McCrea was murdered by the Indians of Burgoyne's army. But the tide of the Revolution turned back to the colonists when Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga. From Marathon to Waterloo, more than two thousand years, this was one of the fifteen decisive battles which have had a controlling effect upon world history.

Again from comfortable veranda chairs, on the porch of Hotel Champlain, we can in imagination look out upon one of the decisive battles of American history. It was the morning of September 11, 1814. Commodore Macdonough's squadron was drawn up across Plattsburg Bay, in a line extending north from Crab Island, when, about eight o'clock in the morning, the British fleet, under Captain Downie, rounded Cumberland Head, stood in toward Macdonough,



Lawn Bowling, Though Less Strenuous, Is a Favorite at Lake Placid

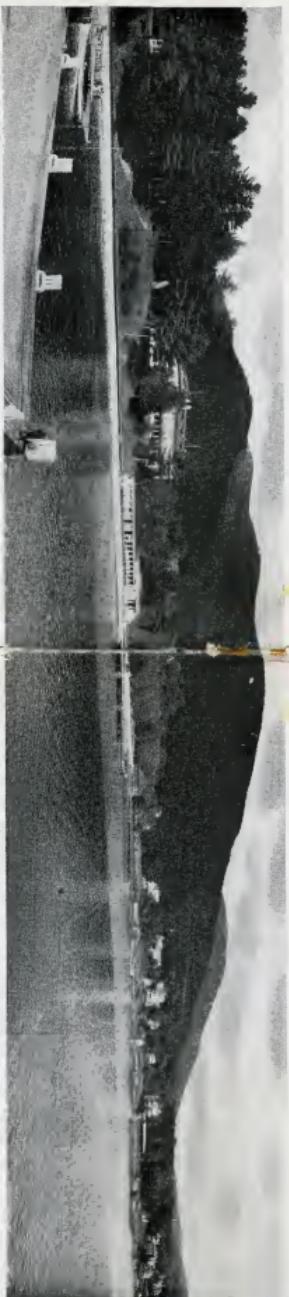


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and began the engagement, in comparison with which, said a marine who was in both, the battle of Trafalgar, under Nelson, was a mere flea bite. At its close, over two hours later, there was not a mast left in either fleet fit for use, and the British were barely able to crawl off. The land battle, which had begun with the appearance of

been stirred since only by a lighter and happier tread. But still at times there drifts out to them from the parade ground of the post across the Bay, as on that morning when the turn of the land battle hung upon their own valiant acquittal, the clarion and impetuous notes of a bugle. Then



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The Fort William Henry Hotel, Lake George, N.Y.

the English around Cumberland Head,

was thereupon suspended, and with it ceased all danger of an invasion of New York from that quarter.

In the Plattsburgh cemetery are buried the gallant officers who fell in the conflict, among them Captain Downie, and the sailors and marines are interred on Crab Island, where a shaft, in clear view from Hotel Champlain and from the decks of the steamers, marks their resting place. There they lie quietly, not "under the drums and trumplings" of succeeding years, for the pathway of war has



The Ramparts of Ft. St. Frederic

From farther still,
The echoes — still the echoes!
The bugles of the dead
Blowing from spectral ranks an
answering cry!
The ghostly roll of immaterial drums,
Beating reveille in the camps of dream.
As from far meadows comes,
Over the pathless hill,
The irremovable stream.
I hear the tread
Of the great armies of the past go by;
I hear across the wide sea wash of
years between,
Concord and Valley Forge shout back
from the unseen,
And Vicksburg gives a cheer.

—R. Hoeby.

THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



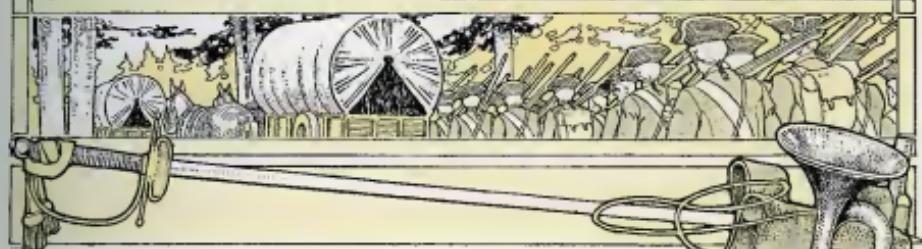
EARLY a century later, in 1909, at the Champlain Tercentenary, representatives of England and France joined with Americans in a celebration which held no rancor of the past. Indeed, there could not well be room for anything but felicitation. We cannot be forever "hedged in a backward-gazing world." Out of the strife of two hundred years has come a throwing open of the portals to the children of all three peoples, who at the beginning of each summer season come from north and south to possess the country in common. What they do in all this historic setting, and among the mountains and lakes to which it is the key, is a story of summer pastime in striking antithesis to all the record of war's pomp and panoply to which so many volumes have been devoted.

That once "dark and bloody ground" of the Indians, Saratoga, at the forks of the old war trails, is still a distributing point, but for vacationists rather than war parties. It is its own center also for a delightful summer throng, not of Iroquois as formerly, but for a far more cosmopolitan gathering. They



Saratoga is of International Fame

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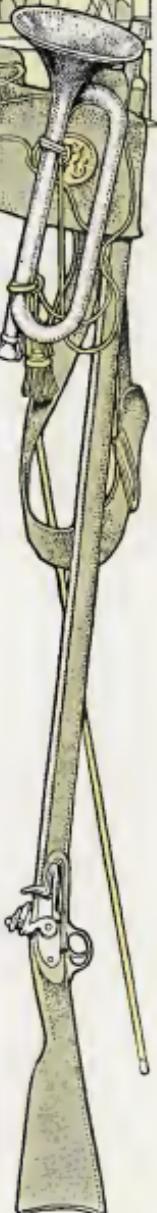
come from the entire American continent, and even from abroad, to the "Queen of American Summer Resorts." New York State has made a reservation of the principal springs, thus conserving the attractions of this world-famed watering place to future generations.

Northward from the steel highway which follows the old war paths the Indian trails are still used. Some of them have become modern highways and State roads. Others are the logging roads of lumbermen, following lines of least resistance and ending usually upon some waterway. Even the hunting trails are kept open in some places, their twists and turns marked for the uninitiated by blazes upon the trees. The abrasions of steel-studded campers' shoes make them easier to follow than of old.

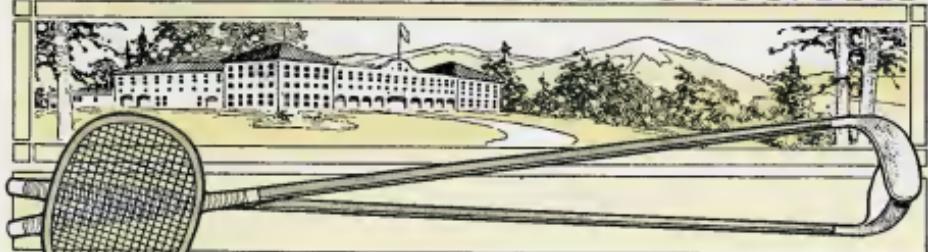
Everywhere in the mountains are the transient summer fraternity who have as yet acknowledged no tie of place. They delight in stopping here one season and there another, until they have assimilated the best of the whole North Woods. Still more restless are the knights and ladies errant of the open road



And the Center of a Delightful and Varied Summer Life



THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY

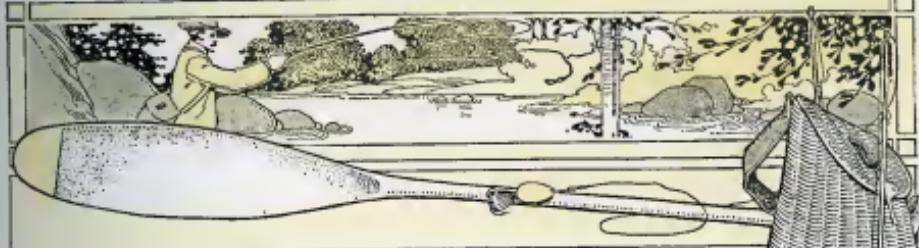


and winding trail. They must be disciples of Thoreau. "Go fish and hunt far and wide, day by day," he said, "farther and wider, and rest thee by many brooks and hearthsides without misgiving. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Rise free from care beyond the dawn, and seek adventures. Let the noon find thee by other lakes, and the night overtake thee everywhere at home. There are no larger fields than these, no worthier games than may here be played." Thoreau was wrong, however, when he advised that we "enjoy the land, but own it not," as all of the snug little cottages hidden away in most unexpected places bear witness. But perhaps it is unfair to so stretch his philosophy, unmindful of his many journeys in search of a habitation of his own, deeming every place where he sat a possibility, and the landscape radiating from him accordingly. "What is a house," he said, "but a *sedes*, a seat?—better if a country seat." From such a vantage point in our Summer Paradise we may have a deeper joy in all the surrounding woods and waters, with none of the obligations of possession. For here we are away from fenced



The Hermitage Corn Can Be Roasted on Baldface

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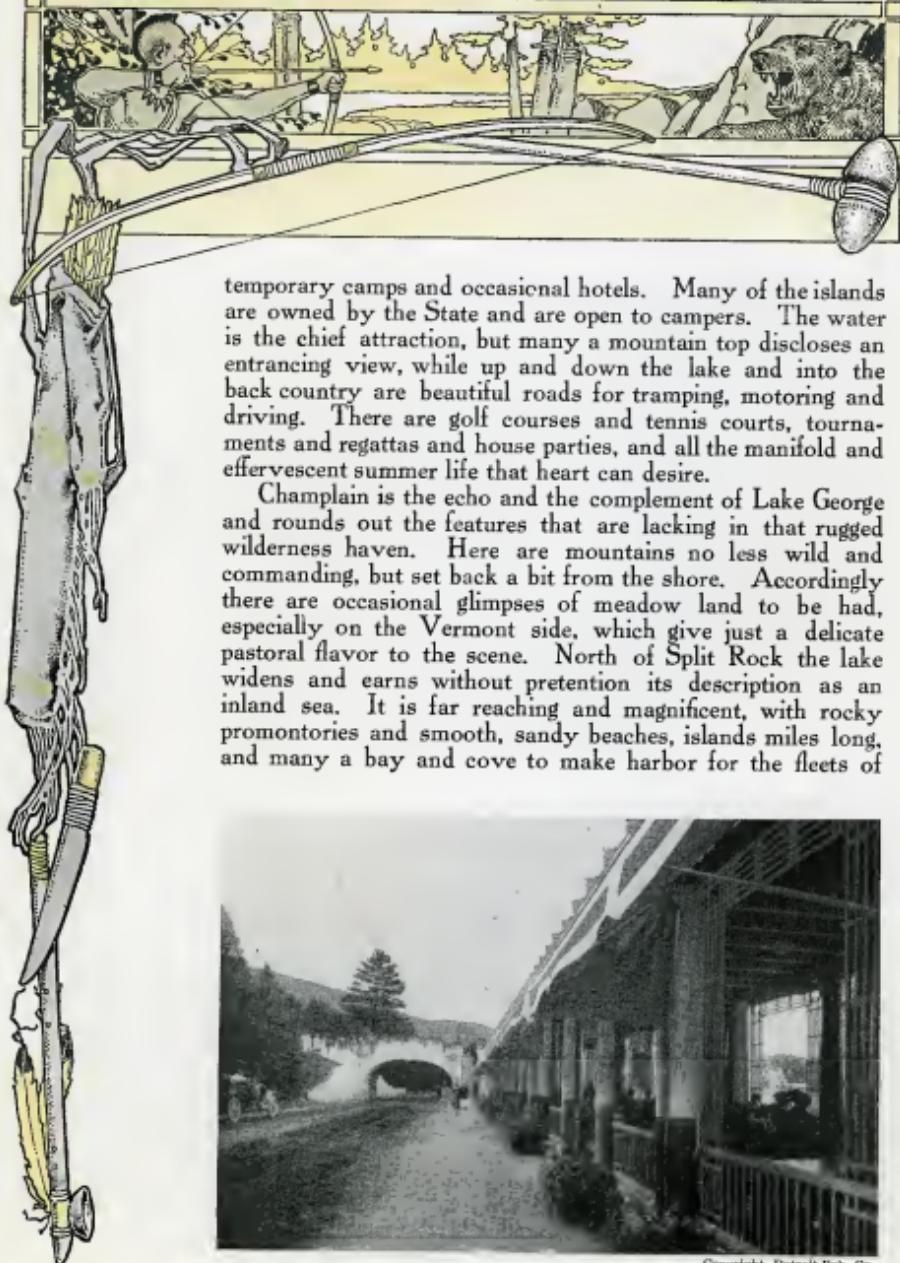
and guarded preserves, and may wander at will, may, in fact, like our philosopher, be rich without any damage to our poverty. First, however, we should, like him, survey all the country on every side, and in imagination buy all the sites in succession, until we find the one best suited to our liking.

One can cover in the rough, in a single day, all the long lakeside from Hotel Fort William Henry to the lower end of Champlain. It has been called the most beautiful one day's journey in the world. From the deck of the steamer on Lake George the panorama of forest, mountains, islands and blue water is as unspoiled as when Father Jogues took his first sad way along it in 1642. But there is no sadness now and no canoes of painted warriors. The boys of Adirondack Camp and of Camp Iroquois ply their paddles, and the surface of the lake is furrowed with the long wakes of motor boats. Lake George is primarily and pre-eminently a vacation land. Its steep mountains on either hand prohibit extensive agriculture and give room in the forest, which crowds to the very brink, only for the summer residences which line the shores, for



Secure Against Every Vagary of Wind and Weather

THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



temporary camps and occasional hotels. Many of the islands are owned by the State and are open to campers. The water is the chief attraction, but many a mountain top discloses an entrancing view, while up and down the lake and into the back country are beautiful roads for tramping, motoring and driving. There are golf courses and tennis courts, tournaments and regattas and house parties, and all the manifold and effervescent summer life that heart can desire.

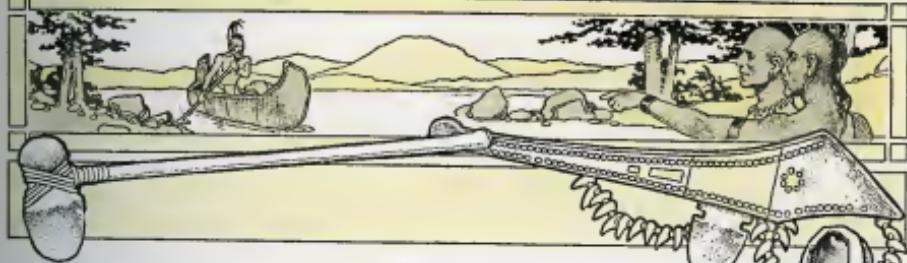
Champlain is the echo and the complement of Lake George and rounds out the features that are lacking in that rugged wilderness haven. Here are mountains no less wild and commanding, but set back a bit from the shore. Accordingly there are occasional glimpses of meadow land to be had, especially on the Vermont side, which give just a delicate pastoral flavor to the scene. North of Split Rock the lake widens and earns without pretension its description as an inland sea. It is far reaching and magnificent, with rocky promontories and smooth, sandy beaches, islands miles long, and many a bay and cove to make harbor for the fleets of



The Casino at Hotel Ft. Wm. Henry is a Center for Launch and Motor Parties

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summer. It is beautiful as Lake George, but different. One can see both in a day, but to know them is a longer study.

Here on Lake Champlain we are at five of the chief gateways to the Adirondacks: Montcalm Landing, Port Henry, Westport, Port Kent and Plattsburg. From Plattsburg the railroad winds westward to Saranac Lake and Lake Placid, two of the oldest and most popular resorts in the mountains. "Lake of the Clustered Stars" it has been said that the Indians called Lower Saranac, and although this is doubtful Indian, it is a fitting description.

Lake Placid is the focus of the northern slope of the Adirondacks. Here under the shadow of Ou-no-war-lah, "Scalp Mountain," our own Whiteface, are gathered more summer people than in any other part of the great woods. They play tennis on the hilltop overlooking the lake on one side and the towering heights of the Great Peaks on the other, and golf over the links on the slope below or on those of the Lake Placid Club under the shelter of the long Sentinel Range. At least once they climb to the bald top of Whiteface, and



Off for the Green Drive, Hotel Champlain

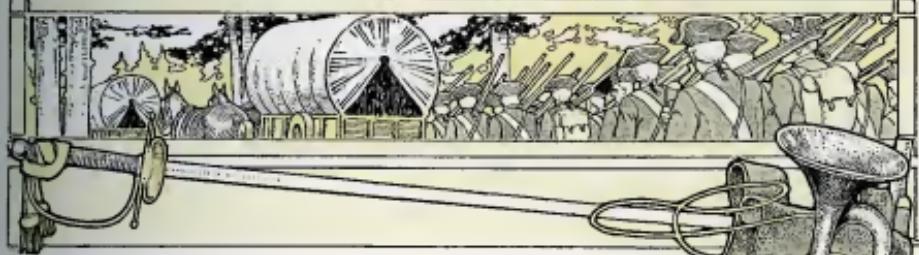


THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



November Brings a Changing Mood to Whiteface

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may turn always to the broad reaches of Placid and Mirror Lakes. Everywhere, of course, is good fishing.

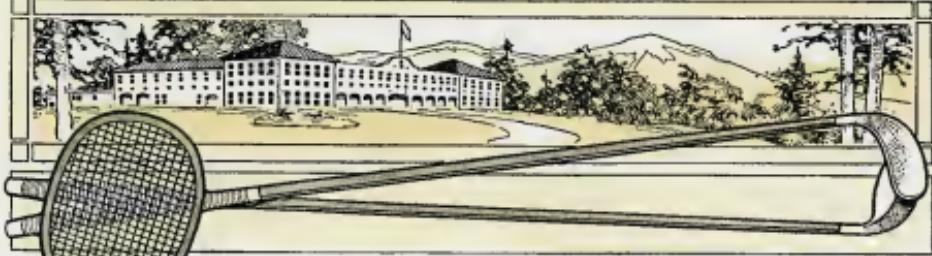
There at Placid is the western portal to Keene Valley for walking, driving and motoring, with a side trip to Wilmington Notch and the High Falls. A delightful walking tour is through the valley, which Baedecker says is "the grandest and most beautiful section of the Adirondacks," to Elizabethtown, of charming setting and more charming people, and one of the most attractive summer residential centers in the northeastern states. Thence the way is to Westport, on Lake Champlain, itself a fitting climax to all that has gone before, as it is the more usual introduction to it. Westport and Elizabethtown are complementary to each other, so much so, in fact, that the one has been called the Elizabethtown of the lakeside and the other the Westport of the hill country.

The return can be by train to Ausable Chasm, and then again on foot to the forks of the Ausable and up the wild and rugged West Branch, past Wilmington and the Falls, through the Notch, and so back to Placid, all of the way over good roads.

A walking trip is after all the most satisfying and effective means to a thorough knowledge of the woods. One is independent of the regular lines of transportation, and may wander at will from point to point, climb mountains and explore remote recesses of the wilderness, without ever an anxious thought about the time of the next stage. But when it suits his convenience he may step aboard. With a single light blanket roll for the warm summer nights, some other simple equipment in a haversack or pack basket, and a few provisions, which can be replenished at convenient points, and with a compass and the government topographic map, he can follow wherever the gypsy sign may lead,

"Sometimes lodging in an inn,
Cosey as a dormouse—
Sometimes sleeping on a knoll
With no roof-tree but the pole—
Sometimes halely welcomed in
At an old-time farmhouse."

THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



With the addition of a waterproof silk tent of negligible weight, his nomadic summer home is secure against every vagary of wind and weather. He may stop wherever night finds him; "to-morrow he shall take his pack and set out for the ways beyond." On such a well-organized, roving expedition, fishing tackle must not be forgotten. At every hand there is the most royal sport, and a lavish provision for the larder. In the various lakes are bass, perch, pickerel, lake trout and brook trout, and in Champlain the pike, while in the woods is many an

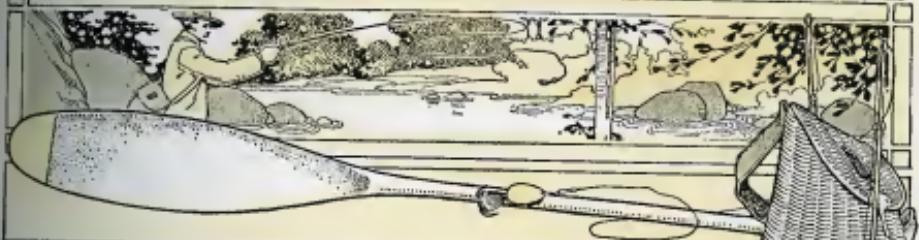
"—— idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
Where I may wade through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream."

The routes that may be followed are almost without number, but one of the most interesting is that through all the wild country, from Schroon north to Keene Valley, with climbs to the tops of the more commanding mountains. At



In the Heart of the Couch-sa-ra-ge

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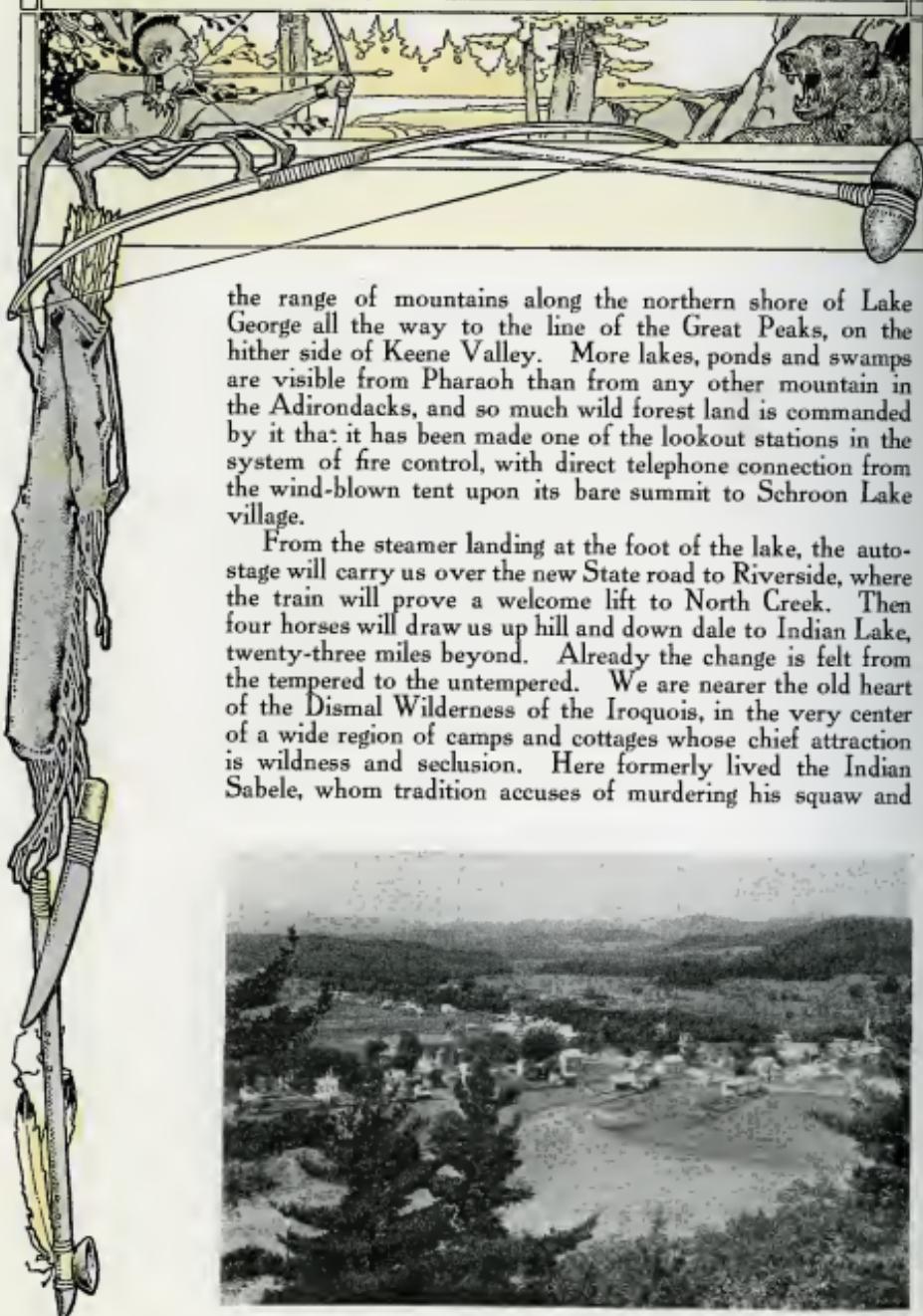
any rate, Schroon must never be passed by. The main entrance is by the Adirondack Branch to Riverside—up the Rhine to the Black Forest—, by auto stage to the foot of the lake, and then on the little steamer Evelyn, to Schroon Lake village, or any of the many intermediate landings along the way. But for a walking trip, it is better to start from Montcalm Landing, and enter by way of Chilson Lake. The road skirts the entire length of Paradox Lake, whose outlet runs the proper way, in low water, and, paradoxically, the other way in times of flood. Just beyond is the sunlit valley of the winding Schroon. It is dotted with pleasant summer cottages, with here and there a cultivated field breaking the woodland. Schroon is the country of the tempered wilderness. The village on the lake is thronged all summer with a colony to whom the water is an irresistible magnet, and all the surrounding drives and walks, and the climb to the top of Pharaoh Mountain, for a wonderful view, are but pleasant diversions. Nothing obstructs the view from Pharaoh in any direction, from Lake Champlain and



Adirondack Clouds Are a Crowning Glory



THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



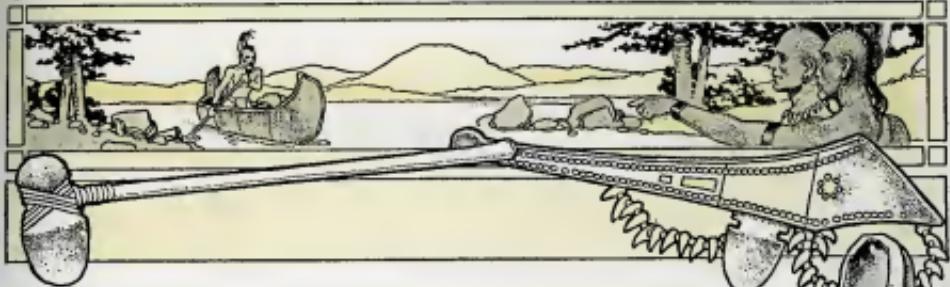
the range of mountains along the northern shore of Lake George all the way to the line of the Great Peaks, on the hither side of Keene Valley. More lakes, ponds and swamps are visible from Pharaoh than from any other mountain in the Adirondacks, and so much wild forest land is commanded by it that it has been made one of the lookout stations in the system of fire control, with direct telephone connection from the wind-blown tent upon its bare summit to Schroon Lake village.

From the steamer landing at the foot of the lake, the auto-stage will carry us over the new State road to Riverside, where the train will prove a welcome lift to North Creek. Then four horses will draw us up hill and down dale to Indian Lake, twenty-three miles beyond. Already the change is felt from the tempered to the untempered. We are nearer the old heart of the Dismal Wilderness of the Iroquois, in the very center of a wide region of camps and cottages whose chief attraction is wildness and seclusion. Here formerly lived the Indian Sabele, whom tradition accuses of murdering his squaw and



The Hills of Summer Surround Chestertown

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burying her in the bed of a little stream now known as Squaw Brook. From him were obtained many of the original Indian names for mountains, lakes and streams of the Adirondacks, with their meanings, which are now almost the only remaining monuments to aboriginal occupation. Sabele himself, over fifty years ago, started for Round Pond with his nephew, who said that he wandered away in the woods and never returned.

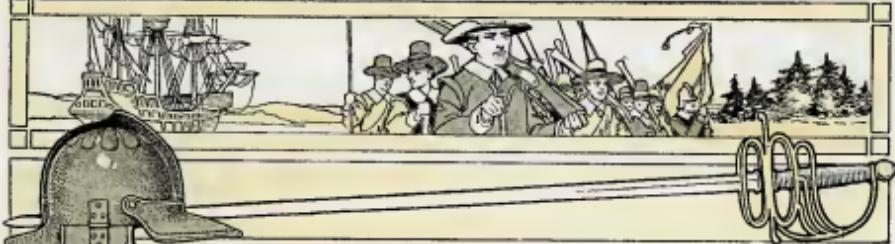
On the east side of the lake lives Norman Shaw, the hermit of Indian Lake, whose little cabin and garden by the side of the Bald Face Mountain trail is a favorite resting place for climbing parties. They may have corn and potatoes roasted in the ashes, and cold water from the hermitage spring near by. Another good climb from Indian Lake is that to the top of Snowy Mountain, also a station in the fire control system. The Jessup River flows into the lake, and a short distance up it is one of the now carefully guarded beaver colonies which are slowly returning with their broad-tailed inhabitants to the streams. If there is no pressure of time, it will be pleasant to stop for a few days at one of the tent colonies to try the big



In the Deep Notch of Indian Pass Abode the Stonish Giants



THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



pickerel in Indian Lake and the trout in Lewey Lake close by. These are camps in the real Adirondack sense, but with the trouble of cooking left out. The campers care for their own tents, which are scattered about among the trees, and take their meals at a central dining tent.

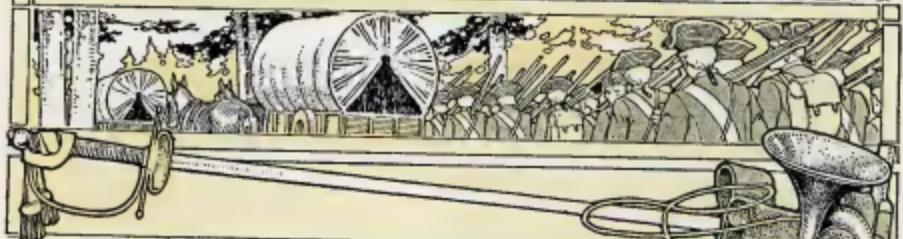
From Indian Lake two routes lead northward: One is back to North River, on the Hudson, five miles above North Creek, where the auto-stage for Newcomb is met; the other is down the Indian River, on a little traveled road, to Chain of Lakes, and thence over the log roads and trails of the lumbermen to Newcomb and Harris Lake. It requires some knowledge of woodcraft, or else a guide from Indian Lake, but is a most interesting part of the journey, much of it being along the banks of the log strewn Hudson.

Seven miles east of Newcomb is Tahawus, the site of the Lower Iron Works of the first half of the last century, and ten miles above are the ruined Upper Works where, seventy-five years ago, a village stood about the towering furnace. Even that rich iron ore could not afford the slow and difficult trans-



The Ausable Tumbles and Hurries Through Keene Valley

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portation by team to Crown Point, fifty miles away, and so the project died with its founder. Now the dismantled furnace lifts its triple chimneys above the tree-tops, the cabins are mouldered almost to nothing, and the miles of forest and lake of the old Iron Company are held as a preserve by the Tahawus Club, the cottages of its members making a pretty little settlement in the hollow of the encircling hills. The public is not excluded, however, except from fishing and hunting, and transients are accommodated at the clubhouse over night. Guides may also be obtained. This is a hospitality not at all obligatory upon one of the most exclusive clubs of the Adirondacks, and adds not a little to the comfort and enjoyment of the climbs either through Indian Pass or over Marcy, which diverge here.

This is the very center of the Couch-sa-ra-ge, the heart of the Great Peaks. But a few minutes' walk from the Club, on the trail to Indian Pass, is Lake Henderson, named after the ill-fated founder of the Iron Company. From Henderson the deep notch of the Pass is clearly visible, giving not a hint of



To Become a Miniature Colorado In the Chasm

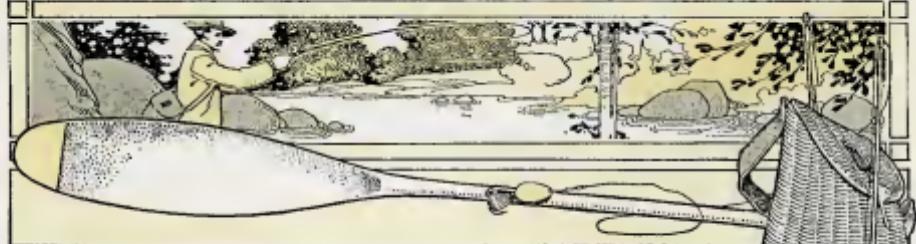


THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



The Hanging Spear Awaits No Warlike Band

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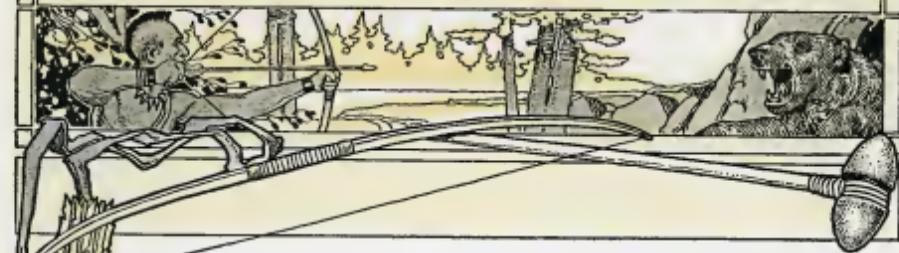
the steep climb to its summit, from the southern side of which Indian Pass Brook rumbles down under the accumulated boulders of ages, until, on the lower levels, it falls upon easier ways and ripples and gurgles comfortably along to join the Hudson. From the northern side the Ausable takes its rise. Here, under the beetling brow of Wallface, in the home of the Stonish Giants, of whom every Indian in all Irocoisland stood in deadly terror, we may look down a thousand feet into the black depths of the gorge from which we have climbed, and upward eight hundred more to the crown of the sheer, over-hanging face of rock. Continuing over the Pass, the trail goes down to Adirondack Lodge and Lake Placid.

Difficult as is the trail through Indian Pass, if we choose the other over Marcy our efforts must be increased, but will be rewarded many fold. The trail leads northeastward from the Tahawas Club, climbing gently upward along the course of Calamity Brook to Calamity Pond where, in September, 1845, David Henderson was accidentally killed by the discharge of his own pistol as it struck upon a rock. A monument marks the spot. Beyond are the Flowed Lands of the Opalescent River, and a few minutes' walk below, known, however, to but a few, the Ka-skong-sha-di, or "Broken Water Rapids," terminating in the beautiful Falls of the Opalescent, Gui-en-dau-qua, "The Hanging Spear."

Among the guides and lumbermen the Opalescent is often known as the North River, and very appropriately, since it comes from the highest source of the Hudson. But the great quantities of opalescent feldspar in its bed have given it a different official name.

Retracing our steps, we shall find above, where the trail forks to Lake Colden, a comfortable little log lean-to, with shingled roof and soft balsam bed, maintained by the Tahawus Club for travelers over the Marcy trail, who are privileged to use it for a night. Beyond Lake Colden is Avalanche Lake, 2,863 feet above the sea, and the highest lake of any size in the State. It lies in the deep gorge between Mt. McIntyre and Mt. Colden, and from the steep side of the latter avalanches are

THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



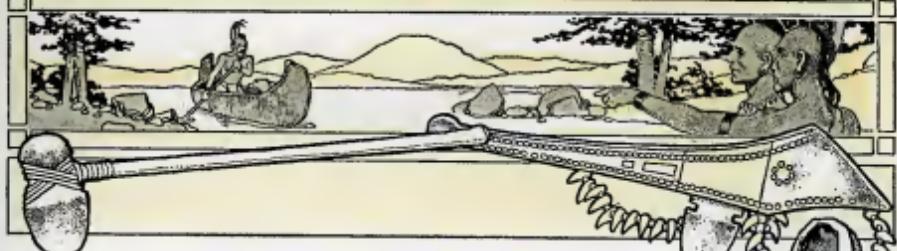
precipitated into its cold, crystal depths. The slides where these occur are bare rock, and during the heavy thunderstorms which sweep through the mountains a veritable torrent pours down them. Avalanche Lake forms another pass in the mountains from which the northern valley may be gained.

From the camp at the log lean-to the trail climbs steeply, and then still more steeply. Looking ahead, it seems that the top is near, but it is only a deceptive wrinkle in the side of the mountain. The peak itself is invisible. The hardwoods grow fewer and fewer, and the spruces shorter and stunted, until at last a welcome level is reached, and through the trees glisten the bright waters of Lake Tear of the Clouds. We are at the highest source of the Hudson, above the dark-fringed margin of which rises in full view the bare, massive crown of Tahawus, who splits the clouds. But a little farther and the trees stop entirely, leaving only a few hardy and tenacious arctic mosses and lichens and some dwarfed bushes to cling to the wind-swept rocks.



The Broken Water Rapids of the Opalescent

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From the summit on clear days all the landmarks of the Adirondacks are visible. Southward on the sky line is Pharaoh, near Schroon, and immediately at hand, so close that the very trees are distinct, is Skylight Mountain. Equally close on the east looms Haystack, with Basin, Saddleback, Gothic, Colvin, Nipple Top, Dix and Noon Mark beyond. On the west are Colden and McIntyre. The whole Lake Placid region and Keene Valley are spread out like a map, with the silvery line of Champlain in the distance. Even Mt. Mansfield, the highest peak of the Green Mountains, is visible on clear days. It is a scene of grandeur as sublime as any in the east, at which one may well feel

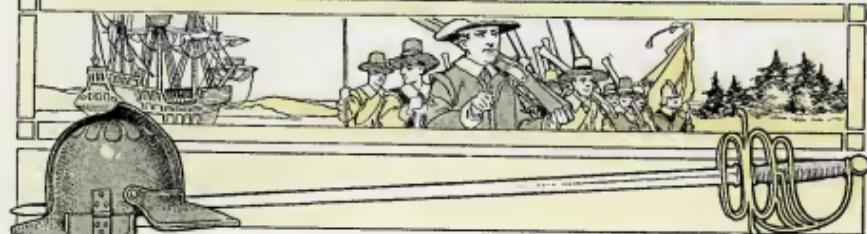
" ——like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent upon a peak in Darien."



The Triangulation Station on Whiteface is 4,872 Feet above the Sea



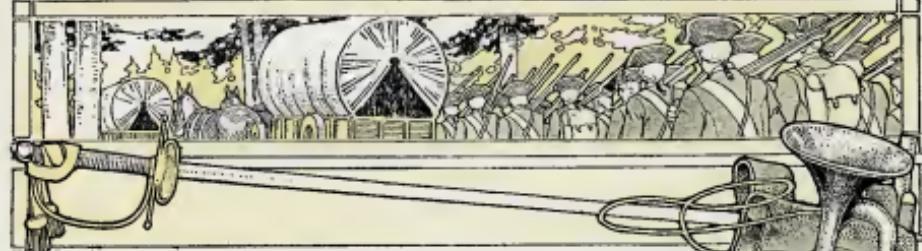
THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



From the top of Marcy three trails lead down, one to Adirondack Lodge and Placid, one to Keene Valley, and a third to the head of Upper Ausable Lake. The last, before reaching the lake, enters the preserve of the Ausable Club, but here again is no forbidden territory. Upon the shore of the Upper Lake are many little lean tos, which the Club allows transients to use upon certain conditions. From this headquarters all of the great peaks of the neighborhood may be essayed, until, if one has not already done so, he will quickly come under the spell of the old mountains and long for fresh summits to conquer. The Adirondack Trail Association has erected guide boards at the intersections of the various routes, and with the topographic maps all the mountains and lakes can be easily identified from any standpoint. From each the view is surprisingly different. To one on Colvin the Basin has a striking similarity to the Jungfrau, and indeed the whole sweep from that vantage is one of singular beauty, even though Colvin is not popular with those whose sole ambition is to go highest and quickest.



"We Needn't Tell We Liked You Well. Good-Bye—Good Luck to You!"



The Ausable Lakes are deep hidden by surrounding mountains, and on all sides are the dark forests of the preserve, unmarred by any blemish, a very apotheosis of the Adirondacks. From the Lower Lake the road extends through a virgin forest three miles to the clubhouse, where again the traveler finds the hospitality without which the long climb over the Great Peaks would lose much of its relish.

It is but a little way to Keene Valley, where the stage can be taken through Elizabethtown to Westport, and so reluctantly back again through The Gate of the Country, which unfortunately must swing both ways for the vacationist. He must miss many of the moods of the wilderness. But if summertime is conventional vacation time, year after year the strong intrenchments of custom are crumbling, and the holidays are lengthening into fall and even into winter. It is in late September and October that the woods invite most, with their "crimson touch on the hardwood trees." Then come the long, warm days of Indian summer sunshine,

"The slow autumn sun that goes leisurely,
 taking his fill
Of life in the orchards and fir woods, so
 moveless and still;
As if, should they stir, they might break
 some illusion and spill
The store of their long summer musing on top
 of the hill."



THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY

CHRONOLOGY.

1609—July 4th, Samuel de Champlain discovered Lake Champlain.
—July 30th, Champlain's battle with the Iroquois near Crown Point.

1641—Fort Richelieu built at mouth of Richelieu River.

1642—August, Father Jogues first white man to see Lake George.

1646—Father Jogues, on eve of Corpus Christi, named Lake George Lac St. Sacrement.

1664—Fort Richelieu rebuilt and Forts St. Louis, at Chambly, and St. Theresa built.

1665—Fort St. Anne built on Isle La Motte.

1666—January, first and unsuccessful expedition of de Courcelles against Iroquois.
—October, second and successful expedition of de Courcelles against Iroquois.
—Arendt Van Corlear, returning with de Courcelles, drowned off Split Rock.

1689—King William's war began.

1690—February 8th, Schenectady massacre.

1697—Treaty of Ryswick.

1702—Queen Anne's War began.

1709—Road built through wilderness from Schuyler ville to mouth of Wood Creek, along route now occupied by Delaware & Hudson Railroad.
—Fort Ann built, Fort Nicholson built on site of present village of Fort Edward, and Fort Saratoga built near Schuyler ville.

1713—Treaty of Utrecht.

1731—Fort St. Frederic built at Crown Point.

1744—King George's War began.

1745—November 17th, Saratoga massacre.

1748—Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

1755—July, old Fort Nicholson rebuilt and renamed Fort Edward.
—August 28th, General Johnson changed name of Lac St. Sacrement to Lake George.
—September 8th, "Bloody Morning" Scout occurred.
—September, Fort William Henry commenced.

1756—Fort William Henry completed.
—Fort Carillon, afterward called Ticonderoga, built.

1757—August 10th, Fort William Henry taken by Montcalm and garrison massacred by Indians.

1758—Abercrombie's unsuccessful expedition against Ticonderoga.

1759—June 26th, Ticonderoga abandoned by the French in face of Amherst's advance.

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1759—June, Fort St. Frederic destroyed by retreating French.
—August 4th, Amherst commenced rebuilding St. Frederic, now called Crown Point.
—October 13th, Captain Loring, in first naval battle on Lake Champlain, defeated a French schooner and three sloops off Valcour Island.

1760—September 8th, Montreal surrendered by Vaudreuil to English, thus ending French dominion in Canada.

1763—February 10th, by treaty signed at Paris, France ceded all her possessions in North America to Great Britain.

1775—Revolutionary War began.
—May 10th, Ticonderoga captured by Ethan Allen.
—May 12th, Crown Point captured by Seth Warner.
—September 4th, General Montgomery embarked at Crown Point on expedition against Canada.

1776—June 14th, American troops in Canada began to withdraw up the Richelieu River and reached Crown Point July 3d.
—October 11th, Battle of Valcour Island, between fleets of Benedict Arnold and Captain Thomas Pringle.

1777—British occupy Crown Point.
—Ticonderoga evacuated before Burgoyne's advance.
—July 27th, Jane McCrea murdered by Indians of Burgoyne's army.
—October 7th, Battle of Saratoga.
—October 17th, Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga.

1783—September 3d, treaty of peace signed at Paris between England and the United States.

1809—Steamer Vermont began regular service on Lake Champlain, being the second regularly and successfully operated steamboat in the world.

1812—June 17th, war declared against Great Britain.

1813—June 3d, sloops Growler and Eagle sunk by British in the Richelieu River.

1814—British, under Sir George Prevost, invaded the United States and advanced to the vicinity of Plattsburg by September 4th, while the British squadron, under Captain Downie, advanced up the lake to Isle La Motte.
—September 11th, Battle of Lake Champlain between Commodore Macdonough and Captain Downie, and Battle of Plattsburg on land.
—December 24th, Treaty of Ghent signed by United States and Great Britain.

1909—July 4th-10th, Tercentenary celebration of the discovery of Lake Champlain.

1912—July 5th-6th, Dedication of Champlain Memorials at Fort St. Frederic and Plattsburg.

THE GATE OF THE COUNTRY



DETAILED INFORMATION.

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